

CHARIVARIA.

THE Board of Admiralty has shown once more that it is always ready to adopt new ideas. A Navy War Council is to be organised at once. This notion of making our Navy useful in time of war strikes us as being a really bright one.

Now that the prospects of Home Rule are so rosy Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is to go to America to raise funds. America, we understand, is prepared to respond liberally to the appeal if an arrangement can be arrived at whereby the whole of Tammany will return home in the event of Home Rule being granted.

"A farmer in Canada or the States," says Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD in her new serial in *The Cornhill*, "may be of all social grades." He would, we should say, be a useful person to transplant to the Dukeries.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's statement that the Peers consist of "500 men chosen accidentally from among the unemployed" has, we hear, caused quite as much annoyance to the unemployed as to the peers.

A French newspaper remarks that ROBESPIERRE never said anything more violent than did Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in his Newcastle speech. This reminds us that, according to the latest rumour, not only is the House of Lords to be abolished, but the name of the remaining Chamber is to be changed to The House of Communes.

Last week the Ladies VIOLET, MARJORIE and DIANA MANNERS, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of RUTLAND, gave a capital variety entertainment at Rowsley in aid of local charities. We understand that their reception was so favourable that the family will now know what to do should the Budget become law.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presented to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS last week, on behalf of the Rural Labourers' League, an album containing the signatures of more than 5,000 agricultural labourers and small holders. The long winter evenings will soon be upon us, and we can well imagine Mr. COLLINGS poring over the pages of this fascinating volume night after night.

At a demonstration at Edinburgh last week, five Suffragettes played the bagpipes. These, no doubt, are the deadly weapons in reserve which have been darkly hinted at for some time past.

A prominent San Francisco doctor, *The Express* informs us, is collecting orphan babies of various nationalities with a view to rearing a perfect human being. This is a nasty hit at Lord CURZON.

In order to encourage maternity the Mayor of Portsmouth, Virginia, has decided to give a medal to the mother of every child born in his municipality. The rumour that his worship has also

written epitomes of the World's Great Books. Sir FREDERICK should know something of surgical operations.

The schoolmaster had been explaining to his boys the difference between a discovery and an invention. "Please, Sir," asked a member of his audience, "was the finding of the North Pole a discovery or an invention?"

Lord CARRINGTON informed the Upper Chamber that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, according to his first Budget speech, hoped, by the development of National industries, to relieve the landlords to the extent of a quarter of a million a year. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has become more sanguine. He now hopes to relieve the landlords of a far larger sum.

What claims to be the largest skating rink in the world has been opened at Earl's Court. There is a special annexe for beginners. This annexe, it is thought, will always be crowded with spectators, and the pantomimes are now faced with formidable competition.

"Dulce Oman.—Congratulations. I was very interested to hear that you are an ancestor of James Boswell."—Woman.

This lady, whom we take to be a relation of Miss Dulcie Domum, indeed deserves congratulations on her longevity.

"In order to encourage aviation, M. Santos-Dumont will make a present of his parents to the public."—*The Lahore Tribune*.

A kindly thought, though for the moment we do not quite see how it is going to help.

"The bubble of these extravagances was at once pricked by the lancet of Lord Crewe's irony."—*Daily Chronicle*.

So, you see, there are more ways of bursting a bubble than by stamping on it.

"This morning no flight was attempted owing to the hilly nature of the neighbourhood."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

A good rain to-night and a nice drying breeze, and the neighbourhood may be all right by to-morrow.

"Antonio Nittaya and Giuseppe Castino were captured red-handed by detectives, while attempting to take blackmail."—*Ottawa Free Press*.

A clever disguise.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VII.

LEONARDO DA VINCI BEING INFORMED BY HIS MASTER, ANDREA VERROCCHIO, THAT ONLY ONE EYE IS VISIBLE IN A PROFILE.

pointed out that twenty of these medals will make a charming necklace, lacks confirmation.

"England is the country where the stage dominates fashion," says an actor who has just turned costumier. "The actress," he grants, "may overdress at times . . . Surely, she more often does the other thing."

M. ROSTAND's announcement that the first performance of *Chantecler* will positively take place in December—he is cocksure at last—reminds us that a French contemporary, by a curious mistranslation, referred to our Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, the other day, as "Le Chantecler de l'Exchequer."

Sir FREDERICK TREVES has written a glowing testimonial for Messrs. HARMS-

IDLE CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

19, Great St. Scott's St., E.C.
October 10, 1909.

To the Managing Director,
Messrs. Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,

Great St. Scott's Buildings, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—Are you aware of the unseemly behaviour of your young gentlemen in the second-floor window directly opposite us? They keep making eyes at the young ladies under my control, and seriously interfere with their work. Please stop them! Yours faithfully,

LAVINIA McTAVISH.

P.S.—One of them has just flipped a plum-stone at me!

II.

Reply. October 11, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 10th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that our Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe is away from town and will not be back until next month.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

III.

To F. Wiggs, Esq. October 12, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—The behaviour of your young men—I will not call them gentlemen—is positively disgraceful. Not only did one of them flip an orange-pip down the back of my neck as I was sitting by the open window, but when I expostulated they took to pea-shooters! I demand an instant apology, and this must be stopped immediately!

Yours faithfully,
LAVINIA McTAVISH.

P.S.—One of them has just blown a kiss to our filing clerk!

IV.

Reply. October 13, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 12th inst., and in reply to same beg to request that you will kindly fill in particulars on enclosed schedule and return same at your earliest convenience.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

Schedule.

(1) Name of young gentleman who flipped plum-stone and approx. time of same

(2) Name of young man who flipped orange-pip and approx. time of same

(3) Number of peas shot from pea-shooter and approx. age of same

(4) Name of young man who blew kiss to your filing clerk and approx. age of same

v.
To Mr. F. Wiggs. October 14, 1909.

Sir,—I call it perfectly scandalous to allow such goings-on and then expect me to know their names! I only know they are a pack of impudent young monkeys and one of them has lobster eyes and a gray shirt and collar; that one is the worst of the lot. He is now trying to flash a mirror at our Miss Fluffles! I demand his instant dismissal!

Yours faithfully

LAVINIA McTAVISH.

P.S.—He has just flipped a kiss at me!!

VI.

Reply. October 15, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 14th inst., and in reply to same beg to state that we do not see how it is possible to flash mirrors from our window to your Miss Fluffles. If we are mistaken, however, please correct same by forwarding us at your earliest convenience—

(A) Elevation plan of Great St. Scott's Buildings, showing window and gentleman with lobster eyes at same marked with cross x

(B) Cross-section of street, showing direction of rays from mirror of same across to your Miss Fluffles marked with cross x.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

VII.

To F. Wiggs. October 16, 1909.

Sir,—You ought to be ashamed of yourself and if you are not then I will come over and talk to your Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe about you when he returns, which I hope will be soon. And I am now going out to call in the police at once and summons them for assault and battery if I don't at once get an instant apology for the scandalous behaviour of your shameless young libertines at the second-floor window just opposite us, for in this stuffy weather I can't close the windows as you know very well or we should all be suffocated!

Yours faithfully,

LAVINIA McTAVISH.

P.S.—At once, mind!!

P.P.S.—Or I call in the police!!!

VIII.

October 18, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 17th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that in default of receiving schedule and diagrams from you as we hoped, we have undertaken extensive enquiries re your complaint.

As a result of same we have pleasure in informing you that no offices of this firm look out on to the street on the second floor, and that in all probability the young men in question are in the employ of some other firm in the same building.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

P.S.—If we can be of any further service to you, pray command us.

A BLACK-LETTER STORY-BOOK.

In dingy binding dark with time
And stately centuries of grime,
An offspring of that early prime
When first Ambition
Set up, of minstrel's tale and rhyme,
A print edition—

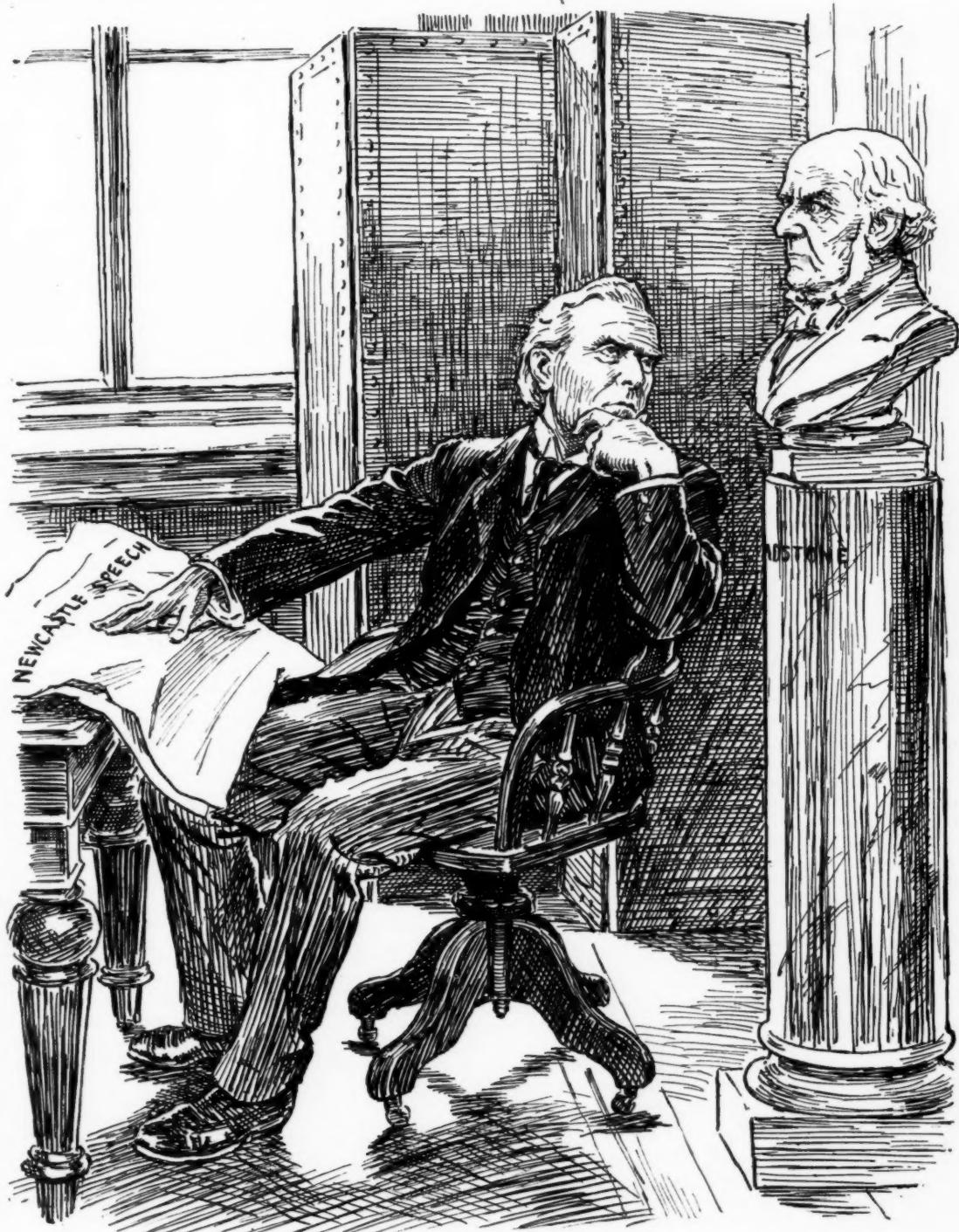
This, the old volume that you'll find
Dozing on upper shelves, resigned
To modern manners, and the mind
That seldom heeds it
(Save as a marketable find)
And never reads it.

So dull it looks by tales to-day,
For here no artist's paints portray
In elfin fancy, gnome or fay,
Nor pencil stages
His light conceptions of the way
Across its pages.

Its day was earlier far, you see,
Than these—proved comrades though
they be—
Who fill a fire-lit "after tea"
From well-loved chalice,
With fairy, giant, and jinnee,
With Rip and Alice.

Yet if you plod and persevere
Along its leaden lines austere,
As an adventurer in drear,
Dark wildernesses,
You'll learn to love the spelling queer,
The antic esses,

And find therein a promised land,
Where friends of a robust brand,
Monks, archers, and a jolly band
Of knights and dragons,
Will toast your advent to their strand
In brimming flagons!



THE SLUMP IN MANNERS.

MR. ASQUITH. "HE WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD THIS KIND OF THING. I WONDER WHETHER I OUGHT."





Ronald. "MUMMY, DO SPEAK TO ERIC. HE WON'T FORGET WHO THE LADY IN THE PICTURE OVER MY BED IS, SO THAT I CAN TELL HIM ABOUT HER ALL OVER AGAIN, AND WHEN I SAY, 'ERIC DEAR, SHALL I TELL YOU WHO THAT LADY IS?' HE SAYS, 'OH! I KNOW ALL ABOUT HER.'"

THE LITTERATEURS.

A LIFE of occasional virtue has been in my case rewarded by the gift of a typewriter from an easily deceived parent. Providence, on the other hand, has punished a number of pleasant mistakes by the infliction of lots of sisters, brothers, assorted relatives, friends and acquaintances. My enemies do not count. It is unlikely that they would ever claim the right of having just one try on my typewriter, and, if they did, I could refuse them.

Father evinced no desire to typewrite. He is a man of business, and to him these machines are neither the beginning of luxury nor the last word in jests.

The lady who has very kindly promised to marry me, for those same reasons which induced father to give me the typewriter, had something very, very sweet to typewrite. Unfortunately the machine would not write it.

All the sisters, female cousins, less intellectual acquaintances, and infants in arms wrote:

"TH~~E~~ j~~E~~St i s veqqrqqy = (" or words to that effect.

George (an acquaintance) occasionally contributes odd verses to the Press. He typewrote:

"The boy stood on the burning deck
(A lime-lit deck)! He did not look
As if he wished to save his neck
Or cared what course the burning took.

For 'All the world 's a stage,' said he,
'This smoke in fact is only steam,
The flames are only scenery:
Things are by no means what they seem.'

This was alleged to be impromptu. It has since been discovered that the lines had been refused by six editors and manuscruibed in six books of impromptu poetry belonging to six lovely but several ladies, who could not by any chance meet and compare notes, but did.

Uncle James, the leader-writer, typewrote:

"Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in declaring against the vile policy of this present Government. 'Vile,' gentlemen, is a poor word for such base cheating, lying, immorality and criminality. True, I do not know what their policy is or is, indeed, intended to be, but it is sufficient for me that it is the policy of this present Government. Let us condemn it to perdition, gentlemen, and let its authors be sentenced to lengthy terms of imprisonment. Then, in that calm which must necessarily follow the

disappearance of these creatures from the political arena, let us look into the merits of the suggestions they have so wickedly made, and, if there be anything in them, let us quietly and unostentatiously adopt them as our own."

He did not take the trouble to write all that because he had any affection for typewriting machines. Simply, he wrote because he loves to hear himself writing.

George (the same George) insisted on having another go:

"It is the schooner *Hesperus*!

A worthy barque, but not for us,
Who much prefer a motor-bus.

The skipper has taken his little daughter.

One wonders had the skipper oughter? Perhaps she does not like the water."

George said that that had just occurred to him. It appears that it had also previously occurred to one of George's writing friends.

Cousin Frank examined the machine with great circumspection, made some reference to "bally pianists," and then wrote with great difficulty:

"DaM."

It is supposed that nothing but Cousin Frank's colossal ignorance and incompetence prevent him from being a thoroughly wicked man.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

[In discussing the "growing increase in the cost of living," an evening paper mentions that bacon now ranks with the best cuts of beef, and eggs for cooking cost 1d. more per dozen.]

THE price of beef went up ; I did not grudge it ;
They said the loaf was dearer ; what cared I ?
The bristling leaders on a baleful Budget
Left me a mugwump still without a sigh :
Bacca and beer were blowed, but now I waken
To drain the teacup and its tannin'd dregs,
If dearth shall reave me of my morning bacon,
Topped by its two poached eggs.

Some deem the deathless birthright of the Briton
The football that he flicks with flying feet,
His Parliament, his Press ; and some have written
Their sagas round his sirloins and his Fleet :
But not the bard : I know that breasts are oaken
Because (maybe by *ÆLFRED*'s dying wish)
On ham and eggs their nightlong fast is broken —
(We need not note the squish).

Some Atheling, I believe, in bygone ages,
Cooked them before the fight, and gave his men
The courage of the boar-pig when he rages,
The blithe abandon of the farmyard hen ;
And shall I shirk the furious fray (like *ASHUR*)
And not assail some party for its sins
When dearer grows the immemorial rasher
And rare the heavenly twins ?

Hard by the open sweetness of the heather,
In taverns underneath the fir-crowned hill,
In every aspect of our glorious weather,
Have I not put them down, and paid the bill ?
The yolk that gushes out, the grease that hardens,
They come with memories of the moor and lea,
Or linked with "wet, bird-haunted" English gardens,
Or lodgings by the sea.

Better to heed the siren voices singing
Of Socialism, and prices bound to drop,
Than lose our "*semper eadem*" by ringing
The matutinal change on fish and chop ;
England is England still so long as morning
Wi h plenishment of gold and crimson cheers
The platters of her hinds and those adorning
The sideboards of her peers.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.**HISTORY.**

In my memory the clouds roll back and dissolve a little, and I see a pack of little boys trooping into a class-room.

"Why are we going in here ?" says one to another.

"History," says the other.

"What's history ?"

"Oh, I don't know : some rot or other. Dates and things."

"Dates ? What are dates ?"

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and WILLIAM RUFUS and all that. They told us to learn them. They're a frightful swot."

"Have you learnt them ?"

"Some. Haven't you ?"

"No ; I don't know anything about them ; never heard we were to learn them."

"Then you'll catch it hot. Hammond's an awful chap. He's sarcastic."

By this time the boys are settled into their places, and the master is at his raised desk. A pale thin man he is, with

black mutton-chop whiskers and dark hair fading away from a high forehead. I can see his hands now as if I had them before me. Strong sinewy hands with long straight fingers and nails beautifully polished and trimmed. He wears a signet-ring on the third finger of his right hand, and he has an uncomfortable habit of making dents with its edge all over the thick skulls of the ignorant. How we came to loathe that signet-ring !

"We will begin with the dates of the Sovereigns of England," says the master. "You were all told to learn them, and I shall expect perfect accuracy. Dickson"—he addresses the boy who hasn't learnt them—"you begin." The anguish of Dickson cannot be described. Latin grammar had been bad enough ; dictation was a hateful torment ; and now, on the top of it all, came dates. Why must he learn dates ? Did his father know dates ? Why had his father never mentioned dates at home ? Why had he been left in ignorance of this fearful mystery ? Nothing was any good at all ! Some day, very soon, he should die, and then, perhaps—"Dickson," says the smooth voice of the master, "I told you to begin. We are all waiting your pleasure."

"There," says Dickson to himself, "he's begun his sarcasm ;" but he says no word aloud.

"Dickson," reiterates the master, "pray oblige me by beginning at the beginning. It is generally considered a good place to begin at. Now then."

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR," prompts a helpful small boy under his breath.

Dickson catches the casual suggestion, and repeats it aloud, doggedly and despairingly. "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR," he says, and pauses.

"Proceed, my Dickson," says the master blandly but ominously. "Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more."

"What does he mean ?" thinks the victim, and aloud he says once more, "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

"Ten sixty-six," prompts the helpful one, and Dickson, about to sink as it were for the third time, snatches at the straw, grasps it imperfectly, and in a loud clear voice says, "Tens into six."

"Tens into what ?" thunders the master.

"Into six," pleads Dickson.

"Tens into six never did go, and they won't go to-day. Have you made any attempt to learn these dates ?"

"No, Sir—I—please, Sir—I didn't—"

"I thought not. You'll be kept in next Wednesday afternoon, and you can then apply your mind—ha, ha—to them. And Stephens will stay in too for prompting so feebly. Are you suffering in your throat, Stephens ?"

"No, Sir, not much."

"Never mind, you'll be better after Wednesday."

At this point the clouds thicken and roll back again, and I remember no more.

Yet stay—there is one more incident of the history lesson that returns to me. It happened, I fancy, on a different day, when there was reading aloud.

"That'll do, Oakley," says the master. "Go on, Hope."

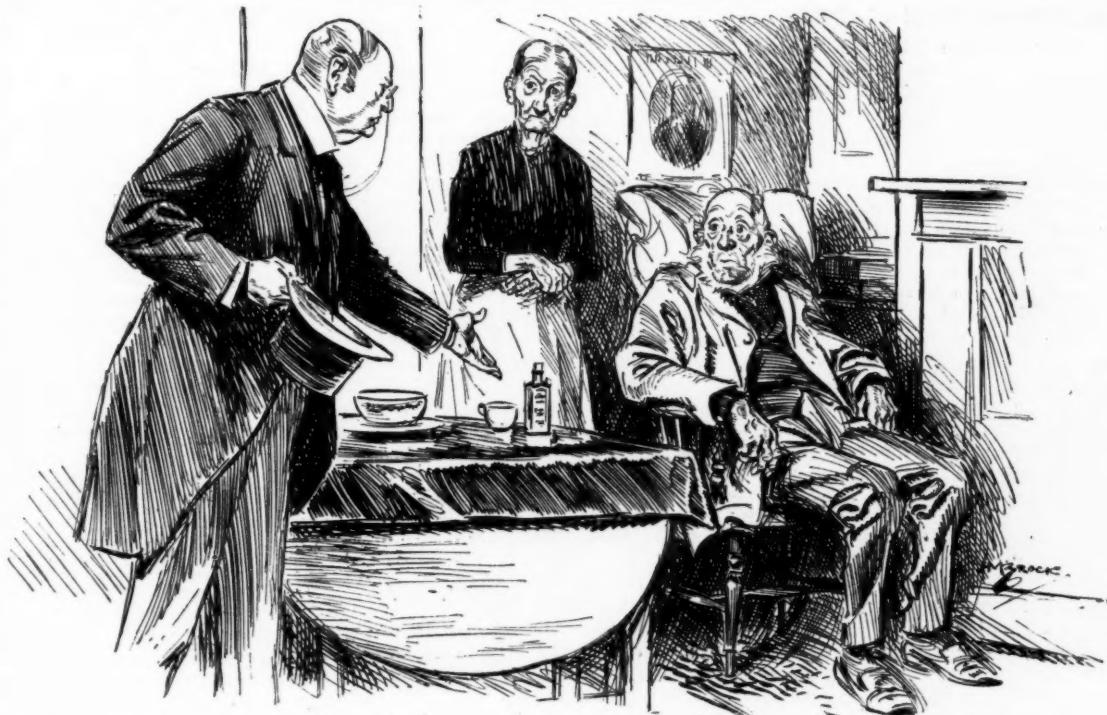
Hope is a small fat brown boy with a mop of most rebellious hair. He rises in his place and begins very gallantly : "Everything being now ready, the English fleet set sail with a fair wind and arrived safely at—"

"Don't give it up, Hope. England expects every boy to do his duty. Now for it."

Thus urged, Hope resumes : "set sail with a fair wind and arrived safely at Bull—" Here he stops dead.

"Oh, Hope, a little courage."

"—arrived safely at—Bullogen."



Irate Doctor (finding bottle of quack medicine). "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE TAKING THIS WRETCHED STUFF?"

Patient. "WELL, IT WAS MY MISSIS, SIR. SHE SAYS, I'LL DOSE YOU WITH THIS, AND DOCTOR HE'LL TRY HIS STUFF, AND WE'LL SEE WHICH'LL CURE YOU FIRST."

The master lies back and rocks with laughter: "An excellent rendering," he says, "but perhaps a little unusual. Bulloing would, no doubt, be more correct, wouldn't it, Dickson?"

"Please, Sir, I thought it was Boulogne," murmurs Dickson, who had once been there for some weeks.

The master looks darkly at the guileless Dickson. "Why is he glaring at me so?" thinks this fastidious pronouncer of French.

This was how some of us learnt history a thousand years ago.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BACKWOODS.—Take a cab from Euston. In all probability the driver will know the place. If he has any doubts, tell him that it is next door to the House of Commons. You can, as you suggest, do Madame Tussaud's on your road. You do well to take out an accident insurance policy. London streets have altered very much since you were here in '59.

J. B. (Battersea).—Congratulations! We shall have the greatest possible pleasure in recommending you for a Carnegie Hero Reward! If any man deserves one it is the still, strong man who has never made a speech about the Budget.

UNEMPLOYED.—We fear that no matter what becomes of the Budget you cannot count on being fed forcibly.

CHANCELLOR.—We are unable to give an exact definition of the phrase "small bottle." You don't say whether you mean an English, a Scotch, or an Irish small bottle. The racial differences are most striking. Keep to cocoa—it's safer.

LORD ADVOCATE.—Yours is a curious pseudonym. Which lord are you the advocate for?

LEO.—We think your suggestions as to the fate of the rest of the Cabinet admirable, but is it not a trifle hard to suggest that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE be roasted at a slow fire? Why not be magnanimous and just string him up to the lamp-posts with the others?

ADVERTISEMENT.

To EXPLORERS AND OTHERS OF THE NORTH,
SOUTH, OR ANY OTHER POLE.

The Advertiser has in stock an assortment of Complete Solar, Stellar, Lunar and Magnetic Observations, Notes, etc., sufficient to satisfy any learned society that the possessor has been to the North, South, or any other Pole.

With the above can be supplied samples of semi-worn-out Sledges, specimens of Arctic Flora and Fauna, geological curiosities and small quantities of variegated snow.

A few Hetookishooks and Ah Welshers in stock.

The bearings given are the best of their respective kinds and guaranteed to last many years, fair allowance being made for wear and tear.

Sample of Poles—North, South, or Magnetic—can be supplied in soft or hard wood at per foot run.

Address—Boiled Apple, Beta, Greenland.

The Limits of Economy.

"The usual allowance for butter for eating purposes is 1lb. a head weekly, but as so little is used in the dining-room you might be able to make 2lb. cover your weekly supply. Blacking is usually provided for the servants, as it is cheaper."—*The Queen*.

THE REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

ENGLAND UNDER SOCIALISM.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR having taken his seat on the camp-stool and the oath of allegiance to the Social Democratic Federation having been administered to all the peers present,

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND humbly drew attention to a question of Privilege. Since the Revolution of 1910, when their Lordships had been turned out of their House to admit of its being made into a smoking-room for the Commons, the disused shop in which their deliberations were now held had gradually become more dilapidated, and was now being used as a skating-rink in the evenings. To allow of this the House had to cut short its debates on such important matters as the Empire (*groans*), the Army (*indignant murmurs*), and the Church (*cries of "Talk of something sensible!"*). He moved to present a humble petition to the Commons to rent them a small flat somewhere in a suburb of some sort.

The Earl of CREWE warned the ignoble lord that any presumption would be sternly repressed by the leaders of the LABOUR PARTY. (*Here all the peers present rose and stood bare-headed.*) He must remember that the House of Lords was now purely an establishment to provide old-age pensions and outdoor relief for the senile and useless of the aristocracy. (*Subservient cheers.*) Their lordships would kindly confine themselves to the duties imposed upon them by the Constitution of 1910—investigation of the ventilation of houses, kitchen finance, door-scrappers, cleaning of the clocks and other matters not involving greater expenditure than twenty-five pounds.

The House having maintained a respectful silence for a few minutes,

The Duke of WESTMINSTER, who apologised for the shabby state of his personal appearance (due to his having been suffering from a great deal of unearned decrement of late), moved the second reading of the Dukes and Bankrupts Protection Bill. Speaking in both capacities, his Grace appealed to their Unfortunateships to support him in his assertion that a peer had as much right to consideration as any civil servant or poor law guardian. (*Murmurs.*) Their salaries of £100 a year compared very unfavourably with the £500 paid to all employees in the Post Office. If he might speak without sarcasm, he threw himself upon the honour and generosity of the Party in power.

The second reading was defeated without a division at the direction of the Lord CHANCELLOR.

Here BLACK ROD was announced and informed their Lordships that the House

of Commons was ready to hand them out their work for the day, and the House adjourned. Resuming,

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, who spoke with a deep cough, introduced the Peerage Housing and Town Planning Bill. There was now an alarming infant mortality among the families of the nobility and landed gentry due to over-crowding, and rack-rents were wrung from these struggling classes to pay fancy salaries to Socialist politicians and pamper their children. He need only point to the congestion in Mayfair and Belgravia, the small size of the dwelling houses in Park Lane and their leaky condition. There should be no reason why the children of a peer should not grow up to be sober and honest citizens. Great Britain could never prosper if battened on the spoils of the helpless.

The Bishop of LONDON moved an alteration in Schedule 2 of the Constitution relating to stationery. It was degrading to their lordships to have to use paper and envelopes of the tea-bag type, while those supplied to the Lower House—(*Loud cries of "Order!"*)—he apologised deeply—to the Upper House—were gilt-edged and hand-made, and distributed in bulk to their most distant acquaintances.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY on rising to second was ordered to resume his seat, and

The motion was placed in the waste-paper basket.

Lord MORLEY moved the first reading of the Votes-for-Peereses Bill. These women had not had a very agreeable time of late, since the West End had been laid out in cheap blocks of flats and Polytechnics. Their only fault was that they had married Peers, and that should be sufficient punishment. The wives of working men had all of them votes—why not give them to Peereses? The registration officials could easily make them useless (*laughter*).

Being a Government measure, the Bill was agreed to without a division, their lordships standing uncovered.

The Sixteen Hours' Day for Marquises Bill was read a third time.

The Two-Power-Standard in Workhouses Bill was read a third time, and

At the direction of the police the usual oath of submission to the Commonwealth was taken, and their lordships were searched and turned out for the night.

"For various reasons the important mutiny which should have been held last night in the Jockey Club has been postponed until next week."—*Buenos Aires Herald*.

There cannot be many vacant dates for revolutions and mutinies in South America, and the Club was lucky to find a convenient one so soon.

THE LATEST ABSURDITY.

I.
To the Editor of "The Westminster Gazette."

WAILY'S THEATRE.
You wicked man! Why have you done this thing? This is the first time in all his long career that Mr. Edward Georges has had to read an unkindly notice of a production of his. Every year the same pean of praise fell to him as his just due. "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "sumptuous"—the noble words seemed to belong to him as by divine right; crowned each time by that majestic phrase, "Mr. Edward Georges has once more surpassed himself."

And now what has happened? What canker of spite and malice has eaten at the heart of yourself and your critic? "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "a dream of beauty"—yes, you applied these phrases to the scenery, the music, the dresses and the players of *The Tuppenny Duchess*, but of the book you dared to hint (how can I bring myself to repeat the word?) that it was "tiresome"! *Tiresome!*

If you could but see Mr. Edward Georges, even your stony heart would melt. He is prostrated. Just now he roused himself for a moment, and in a voice shaken by sobs, with great tears rolling down his cheeks, he commanded me to inform you that he had decided to withdraw all his advertisements from your paper. But the effort was too much for him. He sank back exhausted, and now unconsciousness has mercifully supervened. Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what thou hast done!

Yours faithfully, THE SECRETARY.

II.
To the Editor of "The Westminster Gazette."

SIR,—Our client, Capt. Riding Hood, informs us that you have had the temerity to describe certain words of his as "tiresome." Unless you withdraw your disgraceful insinuation at once, an insinuation which is bound to do him harm in his profession, we have instructions to proceed against you for criminal libel.

We are, Sir,
HIS SOLICITORS.

III.
To Mr. George Edwardes and Captain Basil Hood.

DEAR SIRS,—Don't be so silly.

PUNCH.

"Lost, between England and Channel Isles, probably in Sark, small gold locket."—*Daily Mail* advertisement.

Just the sort of thing that might lie unnoticed at the bottom of the sea for a long time.

FLAGGING FRIENDSHIP.

[The Eustace Miles Restaurant is to be the scene of a new experiment by the Round-About Club. Little silk flags will be obtainable at the door, and the donning of the flag will be an intimation that the wearer is prepared to speak and be spoken to.]

No longer shall it be my doom,

Thought I, to sit and munch
Alone amid a crowded room

My solitary lunch ;

No longer need I glumly glower,
As stolid British phlegm does,
At faces that appear as sour
To me as mine to them does.

A new régime has dawned, said I,
When o'er the lentil bowls
Upon a signal souls will fly

To meet their sister souls.

So pondering I took my seat
And straightway bade the nimble
Young Hebe bring a steak of beet
And friendship's silken symbol.

Behind each proteid-laden plate
I sought to catch a sign
Of any mind that might be great
Enough to mate with mine ;
But this one clearly would not suit,
And that one to the right of him—
The milk he poured upon his fruit
Had curdled at the sight of him.

But soon a glint of pearly teeth
Flashed on me where I sat ;
Two eyes of hazel glanced beneath
An *Incroable* hat ;
Two little curls of rarest red
Upon her forehead clustered,
And oh ! the grace with which she spread
Her parsley chop with mustard !

Then fast and faster beat my heart
As I began to try
By every telepathic art
To catch her hazel eye.
At length—oh, bliss !—I saw her glance
In quite a friendly manner,
And filled with dreams of sweet romance
I hoisted friendship's banner.

But just when things seemed like to go
As they so seldom do,
The sour milk-curdler turned, and lo !
He wore a banner too.
He had me in his grip at once,
The points of nuts he mooted,
And ere I could escape the dunce
Dear Hazel Eyes had scooted.

THE "FAST" SET.

"A PERFECTLY healthy man," writes Mr. ESKOLME WADE, who has been conducting a controversy with Mr. EUGEN SANDOW in *The Daily News*, "might fast for six months or more without the slightest feeling of weakness, but, on the contrary, with extraordinary benefit to himself, physically, mentally and spiritually."



THE MAN AND THE MOMENT.

Not content with giving mere literary publicity to his creed, Mr. WADE has just opened (we are reliably informed) a charming *diversorium* in the neighbourhood of Chandos Street, W., and painted it a beautiful *eau-de-nil* colour. The staff of waitresses consists entirely of out-of-work Suffragettes, and votaries of the new diet are already loud in its praise. No material food of any kind is served within its doors, the sole charge being 1d. for the napkin. An inaugural luncheon, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited, was composed of the following menu :—

Potage à la bonne faim.
Jugged Air.
Mock Blancmange.
Café zéro.

Never before have the feast of reason and the flow of soul been enjoyed in

such undiluted purity. A few testimonials from some of the survivors of this ethereal orgie are to hand.

"The jolliest little luncheon I ever had," said Sacco ; and Lt.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS was equally enthusiastic. "Never," he told our representative, "have I had less strain put upon my digestive powers."

"I can only compare the sensation," admitted Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, "to that experienced on the Wiggle-waggle at the White City, or during the sudden ascension of a Tube lift. I went home immediately afterwards and prepared a Tremendous Trifle."

"All the various grades of quality are on show in our Blanket Department. They speak for themselves."—*From a Circular.*

If only they would call us punctually every morning !



McGILP (PAINTER OF THAT CHARMING PICTURE, "HIGHLAND LASSIE CROSSING A BURN") PUTTING HIS IDEALS INTO PRACTICE.

TO JOCK.

(On choosing a profession.)

WHEN, Jock, I saw you, debonair and bland,
Shin perilously up the cottage grand
Piano, with the bread-knife in your hand ;—

When I observed your friendly little stare,
Your guileless baby face, your general air
Of "Golly, how on earth did I get *there*?"—

When I remarked how cheerfully you crashed
Down on the tea-things, not the least abashed
To see the same (*my* wedding present) *smashed*!—

Then, as we wondered (having wiped the tea
From off this waistcoat) "What's he going to be?"
I knew at once why Father thought, "The sea."

There are who sit and languidly dictate
Letters beginning "Yours of even date"—
Each one designed to rope in 6s. 8d.;

Wherefore each letter carefully postpones
The moment when the other party owns
His case is badly dished by "*Rex v. Jones.*"

There are who daily in the safe retreat
Of some Department gather round and bleat
Scandal and Art, until it's time to eat ;

Return at 3, and, having written "Dear
Sir, Your communication of last year
Duly received and noted"—disappear.

There are who do not hesitate to shove
Their views of Babes and Budgets, Life and Love
On paper—as it might be, up above ;

Who, fearless fellows, are not found to flinch
When some Proprietor essays to pinch
Their holiest thoughts at eightpence for the inch.

* * * * *
Such, Jock, as these are we who bear your name :
Content (well, almost) with the good old game
Of (moderate) Fortune unrelieved by Fame.

But there are Nobler Souls about the place,
Such Spirits as have built this Island Race,
Heroes who must, who simply must, have *space*.

"Twas not to serve the Pen that Nature gave
To these their love of all that's large and brave ;
For Them an ampler Life upon the Wave !

So when your father (while I mop the tea)
Says that he rather thinks you'll go to sea,
Dear Jock, sweet Jock, your uncle *must* agree.

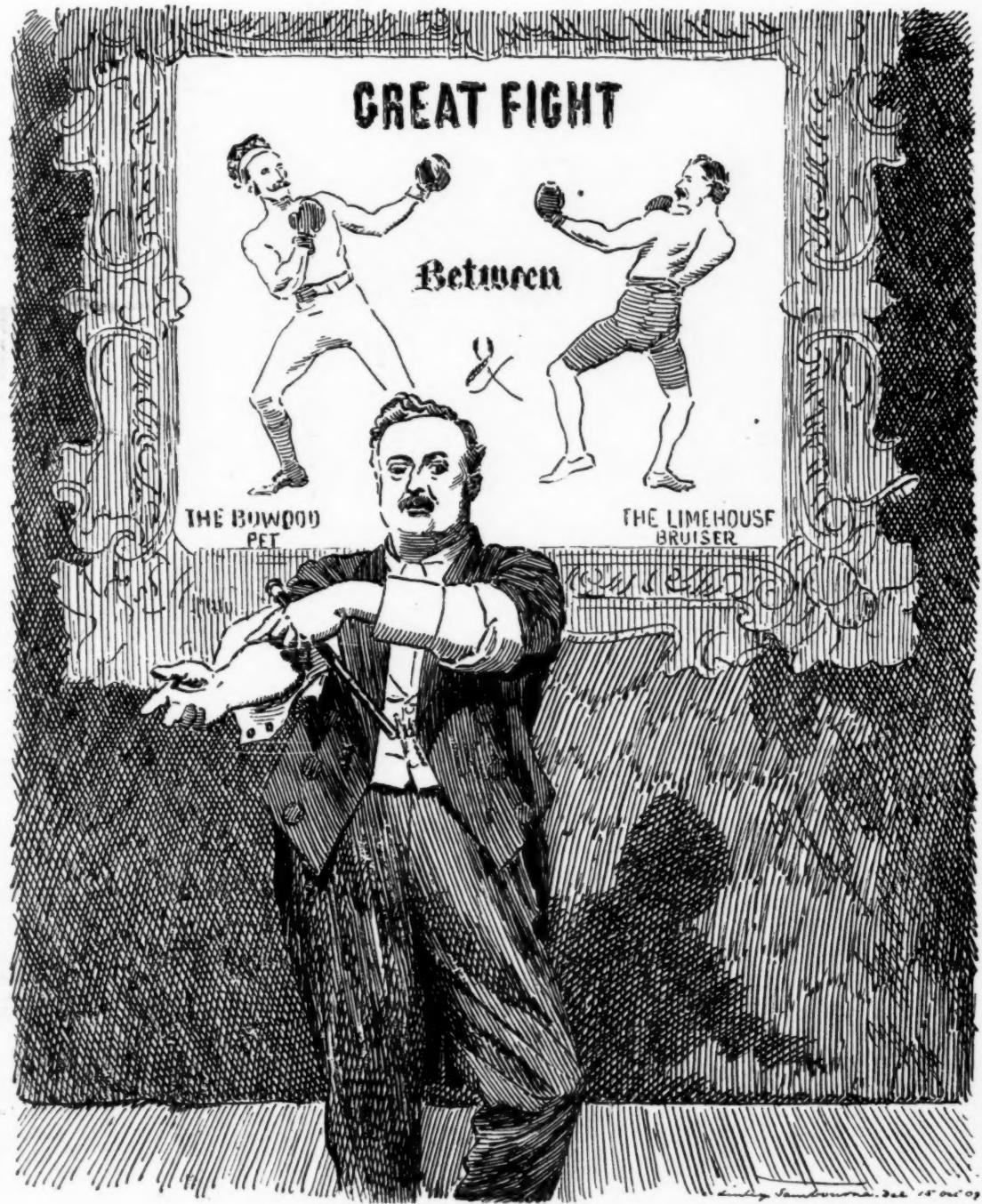
A. A. M.

Uncontrovertible.

Miss MARIE CORELLI at the opening of Harvard House :—

"No one could have imagined that the young girl just going forth as a bride, was destined to be the mother of John Harvard, the founder of the oldest college of learning in that great New World, the United States of America."

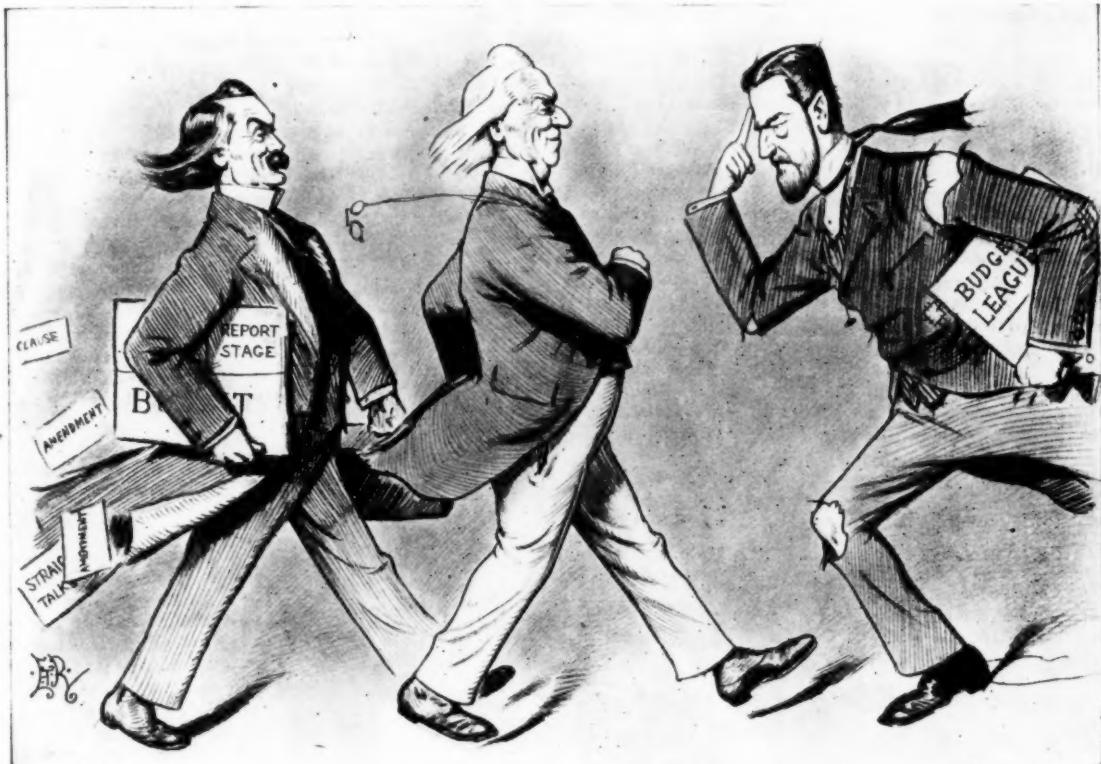
No one, except perhaps an American "persistent news-getter."



THE OPPORTUNIST.

PROF. REDMOND. "WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR THE BIG EVENT, I WILL ENDEAVOUR TO AMUSE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES WITH MY FAMOUS 'HOME RULE' TRICK. BY WAY OF A START, WILL ANY GENTLEMEN IN THE AUDIENCE OBLIGE ME WITH SOME MONEY?"





THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE STATEMENT THAT THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "HAVE NOT HAD THEIR HAIR CUT FOR MONTHS," AND THAT SIR HENRY NORMAN HAS "NO TIME TO GO TO HIS TAILOR'S TO TRY ON HIS CLOTHES." SIGNS OF THE COMING FRAY MAY BE NOTICED ALREADY ABOUT THE COSTUME OF SIR H. N.)

EVERYTHING MADE EASY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Pail."

Sir,—With regard to your deeply interesting correspondence on the incompetence of the writers of murder mysteries, I think you may like to know that by a curious chance I have just completed a sensational story of crime which cannot come under this criticism, and it so happens that I have not yet arranged for its serial publication. It is competent from beginning to end, and so convinced am I of the success with which the crime is concealed that I am prepared to pay any Charity you may name £100 if before the publication of the last chapter any reader can name the murderer.

I am yours, etc., PAX MEMBERTON.

II.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we read MS.?

III.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

Certainly. [Aside: Just as I hoped.

IV.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we print story as serial?

V.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

How much will you give?

VI.

* * * * *

VII.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Will take double.

VIII.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

Right; but instead of Charity, £100 must go to reader of *Pail*.

IX.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Agreed. Charities banal.

X.

GREAT NEW CRIME NOVEL.
WHO CAN SOLVE MYSTERY?
FAMOUS NOVELIST'S SPORTING
OFFER.

MR. PAX MEMBERTON'S £100
PRIZE.

WILL IT BE WON?
&c. &c. &c. &c.

SPLITT MILK.

AMONG the inventions on view at the Business Exhibition at Olympia is a contrivance for delivering the morning milk through a hole in the door. A milk-can is suspended just inside, and the milkman has a patent funnel which automatically unlocks the covering of the hole, so that the milk is delivered straight into the can. Incidentally, if a forgetful servant omits to hang up the can, the milk is delivered straight on to the floor.

We miss, however, some obvious developments of this invention. What is badly wanted at present is a self-

acting apparatus for unobtrusively introducing skilly or other nourishing fluid food into the interior of a sleeping "hunger-striker," so that she may wake up in the morning fed and refreshed. There should be no need to hang up the Suffragette behind the keyhole, while it should be rendered impossible for an inadvertent wardress to spill upon the floor either the patient or the beverage.

The milkman, too, himself, with his charivari of milk-cans at daybreak, might be abolished. With a little ingenuity, ratepayers and subscribers would have their daily supply laid on, like gas and water, from the main—or the municipal cow or chalkpit. There should also be some means of rising to the occasion in case of a milk-burst or when the passage is in spate, owing to the negligence of the domestic above hinted at. Perhaps we may skim over the difficulty by suggesting an automatic churn that shall produce butter or curds or something for the breakfast table. We are not going to cry any further over spilt milk.

AN ORIGIN.

THE young man gathered his skins more tightly about him and walked out into the storm. He walked on and on, brooding on his own misery, until he came to the seashore. There he stood face to face with the furious elements, filled with their majesty.

After a while he picked up a flat piece of wood, and seating himself within the shelter of a cave, traced upon it with a sharp flint the rude record of his feelings. Not till the storm was exhausted did he return to the village again.

A day or so later another skin-clad figure walked that way gathering fuel. He picked up without examining it the flat piece scored by the young man and added it to his store. When he reached his hut his eye chanced upon the characters and symbols, and he scanned them with a hurried eye. He frowned as he threw it on the fire.

He was the first reviewer.

"Doncaster Aviation Meeting. Secure your rooms at the —— Hotel . . . Goodenough, Manger (late of Dover), I-i on Parlé, Français." No; very nearly, but not quite good enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"Don."

Ann Sinclair was engaged to *Stephen Bonington*. *Stephen* (according to Mr. RUDOLF BESIER, who as his creator ought to know) was a great poet, but as he did not recite any of his pieces on the stage, I cannot say if it was indeed so. But what is a fact is that he was a chivalrous dreamer, an idealist who took in *The Daily News*, a man who was "interested in strikes." *Ann* called him "Don," short for *Don Quixote*, as she explains, not for *Don Juan*, as her mother suggests. Well, *Don* had be-

The situation was viewed in different ways.

General Sinclair believed the worst, was furious, and asked for an A.B.C.

Mrs. Sinclair laughed and laughed and laughed. It was too absurd. And of course impossible.

Ann was very sweet. She trusted *Don* implicitly, but had he not been unchivalrous to her?

Canon Bonington felt strongly that no man ought to come between a husband and his wife. He did not believe the worst, but he was shocked by *Stephen's* interference with a Heaven-made marriage.

Mrs. Bonington knew it was all that designing minx, *Mrs. Thompsett*. How could they save *Stephen* from scandal? Surely they could invent some story. And if *Mr. Thompsett* called he was to be shown into the library and *she* would see him.

And so, after we had wondered for two Acts what *Thompsett* was like and what he would do and how it could possibly end happily—when we had been worked up to the pitch (nearly) of screaming out, "We will have *Thompsett*, and we won't wait,"—then he did call and was shown into the library. And he was Mr. NORMAN MCKINNELL—big, brutal, fanatic—with but one word for everybody, "I want my wife. Fetch my wife."

How does it end? I am not going to tell you. All through this splendid Third Act, I kept saying to myself, "It can't end. How can it end?" Yet it did, quite naturally and simply, by no stage trick of suicide or earthquake. You must go and see for yourself—I know not like to miss the finest comedy in London.

The acting is worthy of the play. Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE had the most difficult task, of course, and perhaps he didn't quite pull it off; the others had parts more incisively drawn and well within the range. They all played perfectly. I congratulate Mr. HERBERT TRENCH on presenting, Mr. NORMAN MCKINNELL on producing, and (chiefly) Mr. RUDOLF BESIER on writing one of the most finely humorous plays that have been seen for a long time. M.



PORTRAIT OF A DOG ABOUT TO BE SHOT.

"Give me back my wife, or I'll shoot you like a dog."

Elizabeth Thompsett	Miss CHRISTINE SILVER.
Albert Thompsett	Mr. NORMAN MCKINNELL.
Stephen Bonington	Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE

friended a poor girl in a tea-shop, and had found her a situation as his mother's companion. After she left, she married *Thompsett*, a tradesman and a Plymouth Brother, hard, narrow-minded, and cruel, though with the best of motives—a man who had "found salvation." *Mrs. Thompsett* stood a year of mental and moral torture with him, and then in despair wrote to *Don* and asked him to help her. Quite naturally, as it seemed to him, he took her away from her husband, spent a night at Kettering (I think it was) by her bedside—she had collapsed in the train, and could not continue the journey without a rest—and on the next day brought her to his mother's house, where *Ann* and her people were staying.

What to do with our Bracelets.

"Very pretty 9ct. curb bracelet, set round wool; 10/6 to kind home only as pet dog." *The Lady.*



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. I.

The Story (as told in the fishing inn at night). "CAPITAL DAY—CAUGHT HALF-A-DOZEN, NOTHING UNDER TWO POUNDS WEIGHT. WHAT FLY? OH—ER—THEY TOOK ANY FLY WITH A BIT OF SILVER ABOUT IT, DON'TCHERKNOW."

THE REIGN OF LOVE.

[A delightful enigma has just been invented by M. CAILLAUX, the Minister of Finance, in the course of the income-tax debate in the Chamber of Deputies. To arrive at a just estimate of a ratepayer's income there should, he thinks, be 'collaboration' between the public and the revenue authorities.—*The Globe.*]

GENTLE friends, my heart is broken
When your angry frowns I see
And I hear what words are spoken
As you vent your wrath on me.
When I bring my dainty blue
Billets doux

Round to you,
'Tis in love, not hate, I leave them,
Then in love, not hate, receive them!

'Tis, alas, an ancient story!
Hard has ever been our fate:
Wat the Tyler gathered glory
When he bashed the taxman's pate.
How is it that CADE can claim

Such a fame
For his name?
Why is HAMPTON crowned with laurel
Just for keeping up the quarrel?

Even by the ancient Roman
We were held in wrathful scorn;

Treated as a common foeman,
Creatures scarcely to be borne.
Jew and Gentile to a man
Joined to ban
All our clan:
People know from their "Divinners"
Publicans were classed with sinners.
Thus from Clio's storied pages
We collectors weep to find
That through all the vanished ages
We have always been maligned.
Much against our heart's desire
We inspire
Fear and ire:
People see some cruel spectre
In the kindly tax-collector.
But 'tis time this all were ended,
For we love you. Let us then
Be no more misapprehended
By misguided fellow-men.
Greet us when we call on you
With our blue
Billets doux;
Perish crude recrimination!
Let there be collaboration!

Modesty.

"The Countess of C—— was in invisible
green velvet, with a black extinguisher hat."

The Standard.

THREE LETTERS.

A SKETCH FOR ETERNITY.

I.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Fortescue.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

II.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Morris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

III.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Crawford.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you can come to lunch on Wednesday. This is just to say be sure to stay on after the others have gone, as I want to have a very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

FROM OUR READERS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily George.")

Odious Comparisons.

I NOTE with pain that in a recent issue you say in a grudging spirit of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "perhaps he comes nearest to ABRAHAM LINCOLN of any of the latter-day leaders of the Democracy." Could anything be more jejune and inadequate than this niggardly tribute to the splendidly human qualities of our adored leader? LINCOLN had all the defects of his qualities, the most prominent of which was a morbid moderation. The best that one of his biographers can say of him was that he was "fair and direct in speech and action." Indeed, so deplorably averse was he from plain speaking that it is said he would never allow the Confederates to be called rebels in his presence! Such a man, were he now alive, would probably show tenderness to dukes and courtesy to ground landlords. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, on the other hand, has none of this pitiful compunction. He preaches the gospel of a newer and a nobler age for the common people. He inculcates the sacred duty of class hatred with the superb abandon of a HANNIBAL or a TORQUEMADA. He fears not the rage and the sneers of the Smart Set. We have had nothing quite like him in British politics before, and perhaps never shall again.

N. BOAKES.

16, Murlie Road, Wimbledon.

A Question of Colour.

I see that in your splendid description of the peroration of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's speech you say "a great gasp of emotion passed down the rows of white faces, like the soughing of an autumn wind amid the trees." May I, as a coloured reader of your admirable and stimulating organ, venture to observe that the emotion was not confined to white hearers. No one could have soughed more strenuously than myself.

POMPEY JETSAM.

Sierra Leone Gardens, E.C.

The Chancellor's Predecessors.

I am glad to see that you eulogise the delicious drollery of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's magnificent Newcastle speech. Other great orators have been pungent, have been extravagant, have indulged in a superfluity of ornamental invective, but surely no one before him has contrived to combine the spirituality of a MARCUS AURELIUS with the forthrightness of a THERSITES.—ALBERT POGSON.

[We fully endorse what our correspondent says of the bewitching humour of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but is he not mixing up THERSITES with THESEUS or possibly THEMISTOCLES.—ED. D.G.]

The Burglar's Plea.

No part of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's fine speech was greeted with greater enthusiasm than his superb vindication of the rights of the poacher. Never before has a Cabinet Minister openly proclaimed the noble doctrine that the poacher has the same right to the game as the man who, besides being guilty of owning the land, has spent large sums in rearing and feeding his pheasants, etc. My only complaint against the CHANCELLOR or THE EXCHEQUER is that he omitted to say a word on behalf of that much-maligned person, the burglar. I trust that when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE delivers his next great speech at Holloway or Wormwood Scrubs he will remedy this deficiency and speak up for a most industrious, precariously remunerated and tender-hearted class, for it should never be forgotten that the late Mr. CHARLES PEACE was an accomplished violinist and was extremely fond of children.—W. SIKES.

[Our correspondent appears to us to read more in the statement than was intended. The context shows clearly that the CHANCELLOR spoke in a more or less jocular vein. Still, the right of a burglar to the unearned increment of a duke has undoubtedly much to be said for it. The anecdote of Mr. PEACE is most touching.—ED. D.G.]

How to Secure Peace with Germany.

Few things have contributed more happily to the establishment of a better understanding with our great neighbour, Germany, than the noble action of Herr Elzbacher in changing his name to Mr. Ellis Barker. Surely this is a precedent which cannot be followed too frequently or too thoroughly. But to be really effective it must not be confined to one side. If Germans are to take English names, Englishmen must assume German patronymics. I venture to subjoin the following provisional list in the hope that the persons mentioned will lose no time in carrying out the necessary formalities:

Mr. Lewis Harcourt	Mr. Ludwig Horchhof.
Mr. Herbert Gladstone	Mr. Frolstein.
Mr. Alf. Mond	Mr. Half Moon.
Mr. Spender	Mr. Aufwender.
Mr. Winston Churchill	Mr. Kirchbäl.
Sir J. Brunner	Lord Springer.
Mr. Lyons	Mr. Löwenherz.
Mr. Gladckstein	Mr. Gladstone.
Mr. Asquith	Mr. Mitfragen.
Lord Courtney of Pen-	Graf Kniehof von
with	Federmit.

In conclusion may I suggest that you should lend this movement a much needed impetus by re-naming your paper the *Tägliche Geor*.

HERBERT PLIMMER.

The Very Latest.

Rumour has it that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE

BLIGHTED HOPES.

[A country fire brigade has just resigned in a body because the people persisted in laughing at the members in their new uniforms.]

TIME was when visions filled my mind

Of rescues à la Christmas Numbers,
Strong men (I thought) will wake to find
The fire intruding on their slumbers,
And, when all hope of safety vanished
quite is,
I'll rush and save them, in their little
nighties.

I'll do whate'er my post requires

At divers times in various places,
Until some heiress leaves the fire's
And falls into my own embraces,
Then will I ask her hand in marriage,
and some
Day her papa is sure to come down
handsome.

But when I donned my fireman's gear,
(It pleased me well from boots to
bonnet)

The ribald crowd began to jeer

And crack their rustic jests upon it,
Such as the shouted question: "Where
did you nick
That belt, those trousers, and that beastly
tunic?"

Long time I scorned the gaping grin,
Then, minding me of Plaza-Toro,
I sent my resignation in

The "very first of all my corps O."
The fifth approaching urged me to
remember

The guise that vulgar wit wears in
November.

GREAT MINDS.

[We think the time has come to publish the following correspondence, which has very nearly occurred several times.—ED. PUNCH.]

1, Balmoral Villas, Tufton.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a short contribution to your valuable paper. The idea occurred to me only this morning, and I have not communicated it to any other journal.

Question. "What will the country say when the Budget is put before it?"

Answer. "Budge it."

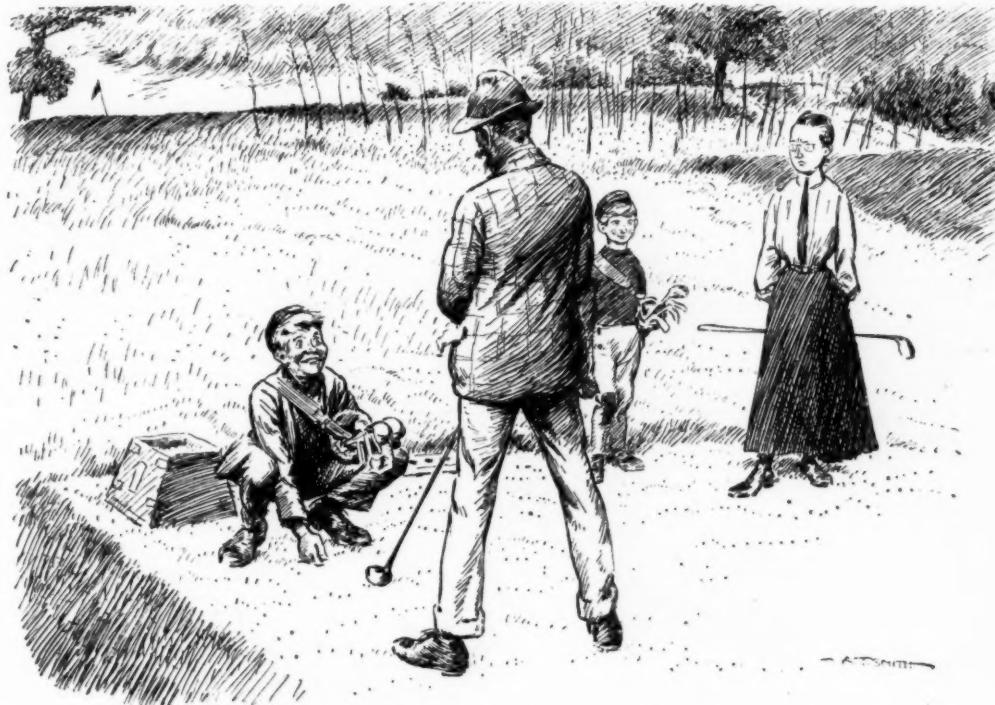
Perhaps one of your clever writers would be able to word it more crisply, but the idea is so extremely topical and up-to-date that I feel sure it would appeal to the large body of your readers.

I am, yours faithfully,

MICHAEL FAIRJOHN.

The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to use Mr. Fairjohn's contribution. He has a vague idea that he has heard the joke before somewhere, though he cannot remember where.

DEAR SIR,—I am at a loss to understand your note. The only person to



Golfer. "THE DAY I GET ROUND THESE LINKS IN UNDER A HUNDRED, I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING, SANDY!"
Caddie. "HOO WILL I WANT IT WHEN I'M DRAWIN' ME AULD-AGE PENSION?"

whom I repeated this joke was the Rev. Canon Letts of this town, and I have his word for it that he has neither repeated it to anybody else nor forwarded it to your paper. Unless you are prepared to doubt the assurance of a benefited clergyman of the Church of England I do not see how you can persist in the attitude you have adopted.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you are right. Would you prefer your joke to be illustrated or unillustrated?

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that the joke would make more of a stir if suitably illustrated in the form of a cartoon. You could either get one of your clever artists to do this, or I would mention the matter to Mr. Thomas Pipp, the drawing instructor at our schools. Should you decide to leave the matter in the hands of one of your clever cartoonists, I should not desire any fee for my suggestion, but would be content to receive the original of the drawing which illustrated my idea.

DEAR SIR,—I think that, perhaps, we had better leave it in the hands of one of our clever cartoonists. When would you like it to appear? By the way, do you know Mr. William Gosport, of 5, The Albany, Southend? He asks us,

to-day, upon a post-card, "Why did the Budget budge it?" Though not so neatly constructed as yours, this joke has in idea something in common with it.

I.P.S.—My letter should have been posted yesterday. I wonder if you have ever met a Mr. Alfred Selly (or Selby), of Leamington?

DEAR SIR,—I do not know Mr. Gosport or Mr. Alfred Selly—though I once met a Mr. John Selby who lived at Grange-over-Sands. I consider that Mr. Gosport's joke has nothing in common with mine at all, though he certainly seems to have stolen my idea. The sooner my joke appears the better for the country.

DEAR SIR,—The idea of a joke about the present financial situation may have occurred to Mr. Gosport independently. I wonder if you know any of these:—

Mr. Timothy Wells, The Thatched House, Truro.

Canon Bletchley, of Aberdeen.

Mr. Walters, Wavecrest, Commercial Road, Leicester.

Lt.-Col. John Adams, Naval and Military Club, W.

I cannot help feeling that we have not yet got the best out of your joke. Can you not word it slightly differently, so as to bring out more gradually the

subtle contrast between "Budget" and "budge it"? At present you seem to me to get to the point too quickly.

DEAR SIR,—How would this do?

"The electors' reply to LLOYD-GEORGE—*Budge it!*"

Please use this immediately, while the subject is still topical.

DEAR SIR,—By an odd chance you have hit upon the very form in which Mr. Cyril James, of The Bungalow, Cromer, puts it this morning. Though not quite satisfactory yet, it is much more incisive than that of the Rev. W. R. Tonkin, of Little Beldam, who writes upon a letter-card:

"History repeats itself. The joke current in 1831 that the only reply to the Budget was 'Budge it,' is as true as ever to-day."

This, you will agree with me, is rather laboured.

DEAR SIR,—I am withdrawing my joke from your paper and am sending it to *The Times*. Yours disgustedly,
MICHAEL FAIRJOHN.

The Latest Unique Performance.

"The ordinary stock occupies the unique position of standing at the highest price of the year."—*The Scotsman*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ann Veronica (FISHER UNWIN) is a remarkably clever book about rather unpleasant people. I think Mr. H. G. WELLS wrote it (particularly the love scenes) with his head rather than with his heart, and it is my head and not my heart which consents to all he has to say. *Ann Veronica* is a modern girl, full of vague longings for some vague kind of freedom, who runs away from her suburban home to try life on her own in London. Mr. WELLS has observed the type very carefully, and has described it minutely; not often have we been allowed to see so deep into the soul of a girl. After an adventure with a City bounder called *Ramage*, who lends her money and expects the only repayment which a man of his type can appreciate from a woman (an episode excellently done) she falls in love with *Capes*, a man separated from his wife. *Capes* I never quite saw; he was so indeterminate that in the great scene between him and *Ann Veronica* I almost lost her too. However, I am glad to say I recovered her on p. 319—a wonderful page which I had not suspected of the author. Mr. WELLS has written a real novel at last, whose story progresses unhindered by discussions into Socialism. Yet in one sentence he gets extraordinarily close to the truth of both Socialism and Suffragettism, when he makes *Ann Veronica* say that the idea is all right but the people are all wrong.

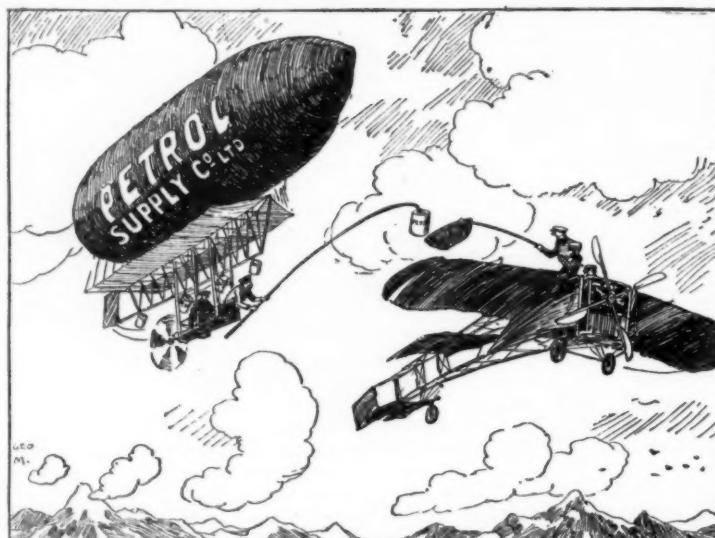
Paths Perilous, by SIDNEY PICKERING.
Is lighted with a vastly brighter flame
Than that suggested by the flickering
Alliterative brilliance of its name.

It pictures France's wild democracy
Who, having lost their own heads (just *pro tem.*),
Rounded upon the aristocracy
And did the same (but lastingly) for them.

The tale the author has to tell us is
Knit of the many threads of human life—
The loves, ambitions, schemings, jealousies,
That failed or flourished in that time of strife.
An ancient theme, you think? You've heard of it?
Yes, but he puts new force into the job.
Buy it, I say, and read each word of it—
(CHAPMAN and HALL, six bob.)

Though much of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS's story, *The Street of Adventure* (HEINEMANN), is a love comedy, the oldest form of comedy extant, the great incident in it is a very modern tragedy. It tells of the death of a big daily paper, which it

is not difficult to identify. Mr. GIBBS calls it *The Liberal*. It is run by a young millionaire who, having lost two or three hundred thousand pounds through the recklessness of his helpers in the early stages, determines suddenly to cut his losses, when, in the opinion of his staff, success is in sight. Five hundred men are thrown out of employment, having received notice with a request for secrecy lest the negotiations which are pending for a reconstruction should be prejudiced. It is thus impossible for them to utilise the period of notice in searching for new berths. This, in so notoriously overstocked a profession as that of the journalist, is a very real tragedy, and Mr. GIBBS writes bitterly of the callousness of the proprietor. He puts his case so vigorously that in reading the novel one is bound to take his view, but in actual fact there is obviously another side to the picture. I think I am not mistaken in saying that not a few men threw up good berths to enter the better paid service of the original of *The Liberal*, and a rather harsh, though strictly poetic, justice frequently follows such desertions. Mr. GIBBS, however, tempers justice with mercy. He either finds other jobs for those of his out-of-works who have excited our interest (no small number), or else he consoles them with matrimony, or prospects of it—an infallible panacea for all trouble in novels (excepting, of course, when the ceremony is performed in the opening chapters). This is all very jolly, but the real interest, as I have suggested, lies in the journalistic "shop." Incidentally, since Tory newspaper proprietors have been pretty well roasted of late



THE CHIEF DIFFICULTY TO BE OVERCOME IN AVIATION IS THAT OF RENEWING SUPPLIES OF PETROL WHILE IN THE AIR.

on the stage, it is pleasant to find someone having a whack at the other side. Particularly as neither side is much the worse for it.

Great Englishmen.

"One inch, in addition to one-and-a-half inches which was added by a recent Army Order, has been added to the chest measurement of recruits of the Rifle Brigade, and the standard is now 5 ft. 5 in."—*Naval and Military Record*.

"Then the draw for stations was not in their favour, for they were left behind at the start and so lost the only advantage of their station. They would probably not have won from either of the other stations, but we doubt whether either of the other crews would have won from theirs."—*Eton College Chronicle*.

What a race that would have been, though.

Never let it be said again that we do not appreciate American humour. In the *Chicago Daily Tribune* we find the following among hints on "How to sleep well":—

"A few crackers or a glass of milk should be kept inside the bed." Well, anybody can see the joke in that.